

In the Cornfield.
The south wind stirred the tasseled corn,
And brightly glowed the dew of morn
On every waving blade.
As through the fields, on pleasure bent,
With dainty step sweet Jessie went—
Sweet Jessie, loveliest maid!

The south wind blew upon her hair,
And tossed it from her raven' head,
And in its tresses, like a briar,
Joy sparkled in her eye of blue,
And dyed her cheek with roses hue—
Sweet Jessie, radiant maid!

Now in the shadow of the corn
Sweet Jessie, glowing like the morn,
And stilly, half afraid,

Between the rows coy glances shew.

What thoughts she there! Ah, well she knew

Sweet Jessie, radiant maid!

For, brave and strong, above the corn,
She hears her lover's voice above,
And hears his ringing blade,

As along the bresy 'twixt

With songs of her, he giveth—

Of Jessie, beautifull maid!

Then suddenly hitteth his eye,

And Jessie sees, with glad surprise,

In loveliness arrayed.

A moment, and he's at her side,

And clasps her hands with tende grace—

Sweet Jessie, radiant maid!

"I heard this singing, Will," she said,

Then quickly bowed her raven' head,

By way of doot, he said,

And what said he? Ah, who can guess?

But Jessie softly whispereth, "Yes!"

Sweet Jessie, radiant maid!

With flow slow he decked her hair,

And twined it with her tresses fair

In many a glosy braid,

Till Jessie, like a rural queen,

Stood garlanded in silks sheen—

Sweet Jessie, radiant maid!

Ah, brave young heart, how bright the morn,

When, standing by the rustling corn,

Ye vowed, through light or shade,

In toil as in fairest weather,

To hoe life's varying row together—

Strong lover and sweet maid!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

MRS. LYTE'S BURGLAR.

Mrs. Lyte was a widow, gentle, timid,

sensible, and lovely; she had money

enough to be comfortable; and silver

enough to be worried; for in her house

son, and the late Mr. Lyte's sister; and

the house was a pretentious mansion

outside, looking as if the owner had

lived at it for the caprices of wealth.

And so it had for Mr. Lyte's son, who

had been large, though not very

handsome, and had been a

little given to the ways of a

temperance society, besides dying in

the bed of malignant erysipelas, the company

in which he was insured, made but a

small sum, and after a few days, the thousand

dollars were put in Penobrake bank to

Mrs. Lyte's account, and she was not

obliged to sell her silver, which was an

old and both sides of the house were

dear from a sense of duty; but she had

said, she was naturally a timid woman,

and the consciousness of those forks and

were two packed away in her garret,

made her aware to every noise, and sus-

pected of every strange face; yet she

knew not that she had a place

attractive to burglar, and her com-

mon sense drove her to put down her fears.

But after Mrs. Lyte had left her

home, a burglar was stoned to death

in the street, and twenty-five dol-

lars, madam. Think of it; a real life

insurance for one year's premium!

Now, the widow's income was a

thousand dollars a year, and close fru-

gality enabled her to set aside, but a

few hundred dollars, for her board,

and the house was from her

charm, while mother Hill had a

modest income that sufficed to clothe

her, and Mrs. Lyte confessed she was only

sure she had held out so long against

this excellent protector of lone, lone

girls, and dispersed, and when he

had a good appetite, and her delay

was unusual, he would come to tea; but the

next day he brought her excuses in a

small note, which ran:

"Dear Aunt Em—I've gone to New

York with Frank Chester, and his sister

to be married. I am awfully sorry you

were so scared last night. Frank wrote

to me to be at the window, and I meant to go to bed, but I was just

a minute too late. We are going right

back to Chicago, and I guess I'll get

over it before long; but if he don't,

Frank is just as lovely as he can be, and

he will be back in a week.

It is a good life, and I will change

of it, if you will let me."

"Oh, no! not at all; don't trouble

yourself, sir. I am sure I shan't take it."

"I am sure you will," said the

bold and smiling young man, as he

disappeared through the door.

There was something in his

smile, and in his eyes, that made

the widow's heart stand still.

"Why do you want to know

what the burglars do in Emma?"

"Aunt Em! I screened Annie.

"Don't think of it! They are perfectly

awful things to have round. I've seen them in Chicago. Why, they go off if

you just catch 'em, and scare you to death for

nothing! Don't you know it?"

"Well, I'd like a burglar alarm,"

swagged Sam. "I just had a good

chance at the fellows with my pistol.

I tell you they'd sing then!"

"Well, I heard it early at Sam's ex-

cuse voice, and Annie Grant."

"Between Pepper and Sam, we are

safe enough, aunty; don't, for goodness' sake, put in a burglar alarm."

The widow wrung the words out of her lips before the boy came in and said a gentleman wished to see Mrs. Lyte. It is the par-

lor.

He did seem to her gentleman; he was

well dressed, and rather good-looking,

with all of health and self-possession.

"Mrs. Lyte, I believe," he inquired,

in a persuasive tone.

"That is my name," she answered, a

little wondering if she had seen him be-

fore.

"My name is Hart. Mr. Hart, of the

Electric Warning Apparatus Company.

I have been putting in several alarms

into Mr. Blank's house. Mr. Damp's

family mansion, and others, in view of the

recent terrifying occurrences in your vil-

lage. I was advised to give you an

opportunity to secure your life and prop-

erty in the same manner, and called this

morning in order to explain to you this

true and honest invention, which

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